

DRAMATICS

in filling all orders is always a feature of our business. Catalogues sent free. Any Play, Dialogue Book, Speaker, Guide Book, Wigs and Beards,—in fact anything you want

A. D. AMES, Dramatic Publisher Clyde, Ohio.

PS 635

.Z9

C949

Copy 1

AMES' SERIES OF
STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.

PS 635 NO. 240.

.Z9 C949

**TWO THOUSAND
DOLLARS REWARD.**

(*CHANGE ACT COMEDY.*)

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES, AND EXITS, RELATIVE POSITIONS
OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, DESCRIPTION OF COS-
TUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,
CAREFULLY MARKED FROM THE
MOST APPROVED ACT-
ING COPY.

PRICE 15 CENTS.

CLYDE, OHIO
A. D. AMES, PUBLISHER.

No goods sent C. O. D. Payment **MUST** accompany all orders.

Fielding Manor.—A drama in a prologue and four acts, by Dr. M. L. Wright, from Edwin Faucet's story. The False Friend immensely popular and ranks side by side with "East Lynne," and other standard dramas of like character. The story and plot interest,—it has nine male and six female characters. Dramatic companies will do well to order this play.—Price 15c.

HINTS TO AMATEURS—A valuable work by A. D. Ames in which all manner of questions are answered pertaining to the stage. Price 15 cents. Fun in a Post Office.—Farce in one scene by E. Henri Bauman, 4 males, 2 females.—contains Irish and Negro characters. 15 cents. Tit for Tat.—a very pleasing comedietta in 1 act, by Buxton, 2 males, 1 female. A plain room—costumes modern—time 25 minutes. 15 cents.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF Ames' Edition of Plays.

FIFTEEN CENTS EACH UNLESS OTHERWISE MARKED.

NO.		M.	F.	NO.		M.	F.
DRAMAS.				41	Won at Last.....	7	3
2	A Desperate Game	3	2	192	Zion.....	7	4
164	After Ten Years.....	7	5	TEMPERANCE PLAYS.			
39	A Life's Revenge.....	7	5	73	At Last	7	1
43	Arrah de Baugh.....	7	5	75	Adrift.....	5	4
100	Aurora Floyd.....	7	2	187	Aunt Dinah's Pledge.....	6	3
125	Auld Robin Gray 25c.....	13	8	202	Drunkard [The].....	13	5
89	Beauty of Lyons.....	11	2	185	Drunkard's Warning.....	6	3
113	Bill Detrick.....	7	3	189	Drunkard's Doom.....	15	5
226	Brac, the Poor House Girl....	4	4	181	Fifteen Years of a Drunk- ard's Life.....	13	4
14	Brigands of Calabria.....	6	1	183	Fruits of the Wine Cup.....	6	3
160	Conn; or, Love's Victory.....	11	3	104	Lost.....	6	2
161	Dora.....	5	2	146	Our Awful Aunt.....	4	4
60	Driven to the Wall.....	10	3	53	Out in the Streets.....	6	4
152	Driven from Home.....	7	4	51	Rescued.....	5	3
173	East Lynne.....	8	7	59	Saved.....	2	3
143	Emigrant's Daughter.....	8	3	102	Turn of the Tide.....	7	4
176	Factory Girl.....	6	3	63	Three Glasses a Day.....	4	2
162	Fielding Manor.....	9	6	62	Ten Nights in a Bar-Room...	7	3
117	Hal Hazard, 25c.....	10	3	58	Wrecked.....	9	8
207	Heroic Dutchman of '76.....	8	3	COMEDIES.			
52	Henry Granden.....	11	8	168	A Pleasure Trip.....	7	3
76	How He Did It.....	3	2	136	A Legal Holiday.....	5	3
141	Hidden Treasures.....	4	2	124	An Afflicted Family.....	7	5
26	Hunter of the Alps.....	9	4	178	Caste.....	5	3
191	Hidden Hand.....	15	7	199	Home	4	3
194	Lights and Shadows of the Great Rebellion, 25c.....	10	5	174	Love's Labor Not Lost.....	3	3
3	Lady of Lyons.....	12	5	149	New Years in N. Y.....	7	6
9	Lady Audley's Secret.....	6	4	37	Not So Bad After All.....	6	5
46	Man and Wife.....	12	7	237	Not Such a Fool as He Looks	6	3
227	Maud's Peril.....	5	3	126	Our Daughters.....	8	6
211	Midnight Mistake.....	6	2	114	Passions.....	8	4
163	Miriam's Crime.....	5	2	219	Rags and Bottles.....	4	1
91	Michael Erle.....	8	3	221	Solon Shingle.....	14	2
36	Miller of Derwent Water.....	5	2	87	The Biter Bit.....	3	2
34	Mistletoe Bough.....	7	3	TRAGEDIES.			
229	Mountebanks (The).....	6	2	16	The Serf.....	6	3
223	Old Honesty.....	5	2	FARCES AND COMEDIETTAS.			
81	Old Phil's Birthday.....	5	3	129	Aar-a-ag-oos.....	2	1
85	Outcast's Wife.....	12	3	132	Actor and Servant.....	1	1
83	Out on the World.....	5	4	12	A Capital Match.....	3	2
196	Oath Bound.....	6	2	166	A Texan Mother-in-Law....	4	6
29	Painter of Ghent	5	3	30	A Day Well Spent.....	7	5
18	Poacher's Doom.....	8	3	169	A Regular Fix.....	2	4
10	Reverses.....	12	6	80	Alarmingly Suspicious.....	4	3
45	Rock Allen.....	5	3	78	An Awful Criminal.....	3	3
79	Spy of Atlanta, 25c.....	14	3	65	An Unwelcome Return.....	3	1
144	Thekla.....	9	4	31	A Pet of the Public.....	4	2
67	The False Friend.....	6	1	21	A Romantic Attachment.....	3	3
97	The Fatal Blow.....	7	1	123	A Thrilling Item.....	3	1
119	The Forty-Niners.....	10	4	20	A Ticket of Leave.....	3	2
92	The Gentleman in Black.....	9	4	175	Betsey Baker.....	2	2
112	The New Magdalen.....	8	3	8	Better Half.....	5	2
71	The Reward of Crime.....	5	3	86	Black vs. White.....	4	2
105	Through Snow and Sunshine	6	4	22	Captain Smith.....	3	3
7	The Vow of the Ormani.....	7	1	84	Cheek Will Win.....	3	0
201	Ticket of Leave Man.....	9	3	225	Cupi s Capers.....	4	4
193	Toodles.....	7	2	49	Der Two Surprises	1	1
200	Uncle Tom's Cabin.....	15	7				
121	Will-o'-the-Wisp.....	9	4				

\$2,000 REWARD:

—OR—

DONE ON BOTH SIDES.

A CHANGE ACT COMEDY,

IN ONE ACT,

BY F. L. CUTLER,

*Author of Hans, the Dutch J. P.; Lost, or the Fruits of the Glass;
Lodgings for Two; That Boy Sam; The Sham Professor; Old
Pompey; Cuff's Luck; Wanted, a Husband; Happy Frank's
Comic Song and Joke Book; Actor and Servant; Pomp's
Pranks; The Musical Darkey; Seeing Bosting,
Struck by Lightning, &c., &c.*



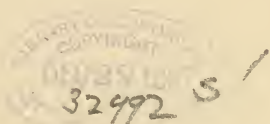
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS
RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.



FROM THE AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

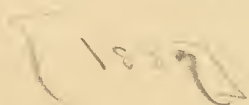


*Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1887, by
A. D. AMES,
in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.*



—CLYDE, OHIO:—

A. D. AMES, PUBLISHER.



\$2,000 REWARD.

—O—

CHARACTERS.

PS 635
Z9C949

PETERS..... *A New York Detective*

WALTERS *A Philadelphia Detective*

—O—

COSTUMES.

Peters. 1st dress, bummer's suit; 2nd., old man, gray wig, etc.; 3d dress, Dutch wig and make-up.

Walters. 1st dress, business suit; 2nd dress, Irish low comedy; 3d dress, Yankee make-up.

—O—

PROPERTIES.

Pistol, newspaper, bundle, carpet bag.

—O—

Scene 1st.—A Street. Scene 2d.—Interior. Scene 3d.—
Same as scene 1st. Scene 4th.—Same as scene 2nd.

—O—

TIME—FORTY MINUTES.

—O—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E., [2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat. D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

. The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

\$2,000 REWARD.

—X—

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter PETERS, R., walks slowly down street.

Peters. Two thousand dollars reward! That is better than I expected. I knew there would be a reward offered, but I didn't look for over half the amount, even one thousand would have been an object in these dull times. I've been in this business for ten years, and business in the detective line has never been as dull as it is now. But this bank robbery will make things lively for awhile; and if this Boss Bob, the burglar, isn't smarter than I think he is, I'll soon take him in out of the wet. I didn't come down here from New York for nothing, and when Peters once gets on a man's track he might as well hold out his wrists for the darbies. *(takes out paper and reads)*

"TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD:—The above reward will be paid for the capture of one Robert Whaley, better known as Boss Bob—is of medium height, fair complexion, straight built, sharp nose, brown hair and mustache; has a habit of twirling his mustache—has a small mole on left side of his neck. When last seen had on a suit of grayish brown. The above reward will be paid by

JOHN LACELLE, President 1st Nat. Bank."

Has a habit of twirling his mustache. Unless I'm very much mistaken he'll twirl something on his wrists before he's many days older. I've had my eyes on a chap some two or three times this afternoon that answers the description perfectly, and— *(looks R.)* By George, here he comes now.

Enter WALTERS, R., crosses slowly and exits L.

I must keep my eye on that fellow. It don't seem as though Bob would be foolhardy enough to promenade the streets in broad day light, when he knows the whole police force are on the watch for him. But that kind of gentry get reckless in time, and there's no telling what they may do; and under the circumstances I believe the best thing I can do will be to slip down that alley and make a slight change in my appearance, and then shaddow that fellow until I find out who he is. It will do no harm, anyway, and it may be money in my pocket. *(exit, R.)*

Enter WALTERS, L., looks up and down the street.

Walters. Can it be possible that fellow has given me the slip after following him around all the afternoon. Confound it, it looks like it. He was standing about here when I passed seemingly in brown study. I just stepped into a store a moment after some tobacco and now he's out of sight. Well, I'll find him again in less than twenty-four hours or I'm much mistaken, and Walters, the thief-taker, is seldom mistaken; and I'm as sure of that two thousand dollars as though I had it in my pocket, for if that fellow that just left here isn't Bob, the burglar, than my name isn't Walters, that's all. He answers the description perfectly—straight built, brown hair and mustache. Bye-the-bye, the next time I get sight of him I must try and get close enough to see about that mole on his neck; if it is there I shall immediately take charge of him, and if he isn't Boss Bob all he's got to do is to prove his identity. But I don't see where he got to so quick. *(starts)* I wonder if he didn't smell a very large mice and took that plan to give me the slip. He's a cute one, but we'll see in the end who is the cutest. I might as well saunter down street toward my rooms, as I can do nothing more now, and this evening I will take a look through some of the saloons and gambling hells. He must be a bold one if that is him, to stay right here in the city after such a robbery; but he's just as safe here as anywhere else, and I suppose he knows it.

Enter PETERS, R., disguised as OLD MAN.

Walters. Hello, uncle, did you meet a young man just now going up the street?

Old Man. (*studies*) A young man? Well—now really I don't know. How was he dressed?—and what was his general appearance?

Walters. He was about medium height, with brown hair and mustache, and dressed something as I am.

Old Man. (*aside*) That was my description a few minutes ago; can it be possible that he suspects. (*aloud*) Medium height, brown hair and mustache. No, I don't think I saw him. Was he your brother?

Walters. (*laughs*) My brother! The idea. No, sir, it was a friend of mine, who I am anxious to see just at present.

Old Man. (*aside*) He'll see him sooner than he cares to. (*aloud*) Young man, I notice you use tobacco pretty freely.

Walters. Well, what of it, old Centennial?

Old Man. My friend, it's a pernicious habit and leads to—

Walters. Oh, bother your preaching—I haven't time to listen.

Old Man. And from the ruby tint of your nose, young man, I am a little afraid you indulge in strong drink.

Walters. And your nose seems to be worn to a sharp point with poking it into other people's business. You attend strictly to your own affairs old man and I'll attend to mine.

Old Man. That's just the way of the world. But excuse me, there seems to be an insect of some kind on your neck. (*walks up close to WALTERS and looks at his neck*) Allow me. (*brushes something off his neck, stamps it with his foot*)

Walters. Thanks. Well, good day, uncle, I must be moving. (*aside*) I believe I'll take a little look around that corner. (*exit, R.*)

OLD MAN *looks after him, smiles, takes off wig, etc., and changes to PETERS.*

Peters. Now I'm positive that's my man. He answers the description to a T, and he's got a mole on his neck. I wonder what meant those inquiries of me—his suspicions. That's the rat I'm after, and I must track him to his hole. He turned that corner; I will wait around here a minute and then I'll take a little stroll that way myself. I'd like

to find where he stays, and get a chance to look around his room a little; I am satisfied I could find some convincing proof. (*PAT heard singing outside*) There comes a bummer I'll bet from his appearance.

Enter WALTERS, made up as PAT, staggers up to PETERS and holds out his hand.

Pat. By me sowl, 'tis meself, Pat McCarty, that's glad to mate ye. The best friend I have in the wurld, barrin' the fact that I niver put me two blessed eyes on ye until this minute, at all, at all.

Peters. Be off with you; I want no trouble with the likes of you.

Pat. Trouble is it to me, b'y, an' that's phat ye want, is it? Well, begorra an' it's meself, Pat McCarty, that was lucky in comin' along jist as I did; sure an' I'm the b'y that can put you under the doctor's care in a jiffy, as Mary Ann said to Dan McGinnis when—

Peters. Will you be off? I'm in no humor to stand your nonsense, and if you don't move along I'll put you where the dogs won't bite you.

Pat. (*aside*) That's a game two can play at. (*aloud*) Och! ye will, will ye. (*staggers*) If I wasn't so sleepy—it's meself—would— (*falls*) Och, come on, ye spalpeen—it's meself— (*sleeps*)

Peters. There, thank gracious, he's out of his trouble for the present. Confound the delay, my man has very likely given me the slip. (*exit R.*)

PAT raises up cautiously and looks after him, rises quickly, takes off make-up and changes to WALTERS, puts wig in pocket or grip.

Walters. Ha, ha! Out of my troubles for the present am I. (*smiles*) Well, my friend, that's more than I can say for you. He'll have a little surprise party before he's much older; but what puzzles me is where he was when I was looking for him. I couldn't find him down the street, and when I came back here he stood right where I saw him last. (*looks R.*) By Jove, he's turned down Fifth street, and I must after him or I'll loose him. (*exit R.*)

SCENE II.—Plain interior. PETERS discovered reading, lays down paper.

Peters. It's no use, I can't read when I'm troubled

about anything; and there's no use denying the fact, I am worried about this bank robbery business, and to think that I had Boss Bob right under my thumb and then let him get away. It's strange where he got to so quick. Oh! well, faint heart never won fair lady, nor a detective a reputation, that allowed himself to be discouraged by one failure; so to-morrow I'll go on another voyage of discovery in this old city. (*knock R.*) Come in.

Enter WALTERS, made up as YANKEE, carries carpet bag.

—Good evening, sir. Have a chair.

Yankee. Much obleeged, squire; don't care if I do. Climbin' them stairs kinder takes the surplus wind outen a feller.

Peters. It is tiresome, that's a fact. But I take it you're a stranger in the city?

Yankee. Why goll darn it, how did you know that?

Peters. Oh! from your general appearance.

Yankee. General appearance! wall I swan! I hadn't any idea I looked anything like a general, but maybe it kinder runs in the family, ye see my great grandfather on my mother's side, fit in the Revolution an got promoted to a fifth corporal an—

Peters. Is there any thing I can do for you this evening, if so what is it?

Yankee. Oh! yeou want to get to business do ye? Wall that's me. (*starts to open carpet-bag, stops*) I say, squire, I've been havin' a time.

Peters. Why, where have you been?

Yankee. Me? why I've been takin' a little ride on the keers.

Peters. (*smiling*) I should have supposed that such a puny looking little fellow as you, would have been afraid of the cars; or was your mother with you?

Yankee. Come neow you're pokin' fun at a feller, an' I never could stand that no how.

Peters. Well go on, what happened?

Yankee. Wall, ye see the train what I was on an another train tried to pass on the same track, and the consequences was, both on 'em got knocked into a cocked hat.

Peters. That must have been a serious collision.

Yankee. Yes, but there was another train come along purty soon after and fetched us all into town, and I never heerd no particulars.

Peters. Well what do you think of our city?

Yankee. Wa'al its purty considerable of a village; but I tell you what's the matter squire, there's some of the worst swindlers here I ever seed.

Peters. How's that?

Yankee. Wa'al, after I got off the keers, I was a walkin' down the streets a takin' in the sight; when the fust thing I knowed there was a purty gal come down the street; and when she got close to me, she took a quick look at me, an then says she. Oh, Josh! I'm so glad to see you, we wasn't expectin' you yet, and with that she grabbed me round the neck with both arms, an give me a squeeze; an I swan, if I didn't feel so flustrated, that the fust thing I was a squeezin' her too; purty soon she got loose an took another look at me, an then she give a little scream, an throwed up both hands, an sez she why it ain't Josh after all, Oh! I'm so ashamed—an' with that, she slapped her kerchief to her face an went off deown the street. An I just stood there like a dumed fool, lookin' after her, an kinder wishin' I'd a been the Josh she was a lookin' fur. When she turned the corner, I started on deown the street. By'm by I went to look at my watch to see what time it was, an by gosh, I had just such a sensation as that gal had, when she found out I wasn't Josh.

Peters. What kind of a senaation was that?

Yankee. Why, I felt kinder ashamed.

Peters. Ashamed! why so?

Yankee. 'Cos, it wasn't there.

Peters. Wasn't there! what had became of it?

Yankee. Wa'al, I don't know for certain, but I kinder think as how its gone to hunt Josh.

Peters. (*laughs*) Well, sir, you have had a wonderful time.

Yankee. Wa'al, by mighty, I should think I had, but gosh all fishooks, here I'm neglectin' business.

(*takes up carpet-bag.*)

Peters. (*rising*) Please excuse me, I will return in a minute. (*exit PETERS, L.*)

Yankee. Sart'in squire. (*natural voice*) At last, at last. I have him under my thumb, and he suspects nothing. I was in hopes I could find some additional evidence in his rooms, but there seems to be nothing of any consequence here, and I dare not leave it, for fear of his return. (*discovers bundle on chair*) What have we here? (*ex-*

amines bundle, pulls out wig, whiskers, etc.) There's proof for you, what use would he have for such things if he did not wish to disguise himself? (*studies*) How ever I don't think I had better undertake his arrest alone, for his going out just now, looks a little as though he have an accomplice or two in the house, but it makes no difference, I have found his retreat, and can take him when ever I want him. He's a cute one, nobody but a sharper would have taken rooms in this, the most aristocratic part of the city; accustomed as I am to the ways of thieves and burglars, I would have never thought of looking for him here, had I not tracked him to his door. (*starts*) Oh! he's coming. (*puts wigs etc. into carpet-bag, sits and holds carpet-bag on knees.*

Enter PETERS, R.

Peters. I hope I have not kept you waiting.

Yankee. Oh, no, not at all, squire. I'd hardly missed you; I've been figuring up the profits on my Great Double Extract of Hypophosphated Cure for corns and bunions, for which I am the sole agent for these parts. It comes in fifty cent boxes; and two applications is warranted to knock the spots out of the worst corn or bunion you ever seed, so if you've got any just trot 'em out, and give me a chance at 'em.

Peters. I am ever so much obliged, but I have no need of your services just at present.

Yankee. Wa'al all right squire, yeou don't want a box of intment do ye? to take off moles or freckles, an its also fust rate for chapped hands and chilblains.

Peters. (*laughs*) No I guess not, I have no freckles, I have one small mole on my neck here; (*shows*) but you remember the old adage.

Mole on the neck,
Money by the peck.

Yankee. That's what's the matter, yeou know a good deal about money don't ye squire? I wouldn't have gin ye credit for so much good sense just by lookin' at ye, I swan I wouldn't. So yeou think ye don't want any of my cures?

Peters. I believe not to day, I hope you will excuse me, for I am in some what of a hurry. (*puts hand to face.*

Yankee. Goin' deown to have a tooth pulled be ye? (*opens carpet-bag*) Say I've got suthin' here that will

knock the spots out of the toothache quicker than you can say scat.

Peters. Come, come, be moving, I want none of your nostrums.

Yankee. They're mighty handy to have about the house. When sister Saphronia had the measles—

Peters. (aside) Was ever any one bothered with the presence of such a—— Now see here, I want none of your wares, and I am not troubled with toothache, corns, bunions, erysipelas, itch, gout, or any other complaint only this, I have been exposed and expect every day to come down with the small pox.

Yankee. (scared) Small pox! great Jupiter! (*rushes for door R. stumbles, falls, jumps up exit R.* *PETERS laughs heartily and sits in chair L.*

Peters. Now for business, it was just about this time last evening, that I saw Bob on Elm street. I believe I'll go down there and loaf around awhile this evening, I may get another glimpse of him and if I do I'll track him to his lair or my name aint Peters. And if I ever get him cornered he'll get a worse scare than that Yankee did just now. (*laughs*) And when I get that \$2,000—but hold on Peters don't count your chickens before they're hatched, there's many a slip twixt cup and lip. This world is full of ups and downs; but why should we find fault?

Introduce Song, "Golden Hair and Eyes of Blue." Can be procured of Mr. Ames. Price 30c.

SCENE III.—A street, same as Scene 1st.

Enter WALTERS, R.

Walters. I must go down to the chief of police and make arrangements for two or three good men, for to-night. I've got my bird caged, and I want to take him before he flies away, I suppose he had a hearty laugh over that small pox dodge of his. Ha! ha! that was a good one, and what was better, it gave me a chance to get out, which was just what I wanted. He's a slick one, and it will be a feather in my cap if I get him. (*noise off R.*) Hello! what is the trouble back there?

Dutchy. (outside) Look out dhere mit your foolishness, vat for you blay pase pall mit my stomach dot way?

Walters. (*looking R.*) That Dutchman seems to be having trouble with the boys.

Dutchy. (*closer*) Don'd you gif me any of your mout, young feller, or burty quick I vill come pack dhere and smash dwo or tree ov you fellers.

Walters. Dutchy is on his muscle.

Dutchy. (*still closer*) Py gracious, dot makes me mat like de deuce.

Enter PETERS R. made up as Dutchman.

I don'd like dot pase pall besness purty goot any vay.

Walters. What's the matter? you seem in trouble.

Dutchy. Drouples, vell I should say, dem poys vos a blayin' pase pall up dhere und I vos a comin' down dhe street, und dot poy (*points*) mit dhe hank-chief hangin' out mit his bants—(*starts up street R., stops, shakes fist*) Don'd you make your mout at me, you poy, or py gracious I vill come pack dhere.

Walter. What were you saying about the ball?

Dutchy. (*comes C.*) Oh, vell ust as I got oop dhere py dot restaurant, dot poy struck dhe pall mit a club und—

Walters. And you caught it on the fly?

Dutchy. Vell, I don'd know vot you call it, put I got him right dhere. (*puts hand on stomach.*)

Walters. (*laughs*) They probably mistook you for the umpire. But I suppose you would rather have been hit with a link of bologna, or a glass of good lager?

Dutchy. Vell I don'd care ov I do. (*smiles*) I don'd got me some peer und bologna for a goot vile, I got me no frients in dis blace, und I don'd got some money do.

Walters. (*aside*) I begin to see which way the wind blows. (*aloud*) My friend are you a married or single man?

Dutchy. Me! Oh, I vos marriet, I got me a nice leetle frau.

Walters. Indeed! but where your frau?

Dutchy. Mine frau? Oh! she vos ofer in Germany. I come ofer to dis country to make me some money, to send pack after mine frau, put I don'd do it.

Walters. I see, well good day. (*going R.*)

Dutchy. Say, I would like do got a blace vere I could vork und make some money; eh, vot you dinks?

Walters. What do I think? I don't think any thing about it.

Dutchy. Vell, I don'd know, maybe you got some dings I could do.

Walters. (*aside*) I do need somebody, that's a fact; but I don't know whether I can make any use of this Dutchman or not, but I feel sorry for him and have half a notion to take him home with me. I'll question him. (*aloud*) Did you ever work in-doors? that is to say, wait on any one. You see, I am a bachelor, I have a suit of rooms, but of course get my meals at a restaurant.

Dutchy. Vell, I nefer done mooch ov dot first pesniss, put I would pe villin' do dry a meal any dime.

Walters. I suppose you have no recommendations?

Dutchy. No, I don'd got some, I eat oop efery dings vhat I got.

Walters. (*laughing*) Oh! you did? well come along, I'll give you a trial. (*aside*) I'll have fun enough out of him to pay his wages. (*exit, R.*)

Dutchy. (*smiles*) Dot's ust vot I dinks, ve got some fun out ov dis burty quick now, und I dinks apout \$2,000 pesides. Eh, vot you dinks? (*exit R.*)

SCENE IV.—*Interior, coat hanging on wall, with wigs, papers, etc. in pockets. WALTERS discovered seated in chair, L.*

Walters. This is what I call solid comfort, a comfortable lodging place, and a man servant to wait on me. Well, I suppose I might as well take things easy, for it will be an hour or more before my policemen will be here; and as soon as they do, we will be off after our \$2,000 bird, but in the mean time I will—— (*loud noise, as if some one falling, R.*) What in the world was that? (*goes R. looks off, comes back laughing, enter DUTCHY R. limping, and rubbing elbow*) What in the world was you trying to do out there just now?

Dutchy. Oh, nodings much, I ust stuped mine doe a leedle like de deuce.

Walters. (*laughs*) A little! If you had stubbed it a little harder, you would have knocked the partition down, I should dislike very much to have you charge on me that way.

Dutchy. Nein! nein! I d-d'd sharge you noddings for dot pesiness.

Walters. Oh! you don't? (*laughs and sits, takes paper and reads.* *DUTCHY* gets brush, dusts furniture discovers coat, looks to see if *WALTERS* is looking, searches pockets in coat, looks at wigs etc. puts them back, finds letter, puts it in his own pocket, all the time watching *WALTERS*, twirls his finger at him. *WALTERS* looks at *DUTCHY* who wipes his nose on coat-sleeve unconcerned. *WALTERS* smiles, looks first at *DUTCHY* and then at audience) He's a cute one.

Dutchy. (*aside*) Dot's me. (*exit R.*

Walters. Now then to business, I must clean up my pistols and get ready. (*looks out of window*) Ah! there comes my three policemen across the street, I must make haste. (*exit L.*

Enter DUTCHY R. looks around runs *R.* looks out, comes centre.

Peters. (*natural voice*) I see no use keeping this up longer, I can never have a better time than the present, he suspects nothing which will make the surprise all the more complete, and make his capture an easy matter, he has his pistols apart cleaning them, which is lost time if he did but know it, ah! he comes. (*draws pistol, stands L. F.* *Enter WALTERS L.* goes C. looking R. *PETERS* presents pistol) My friend! (*WALTERS turns*) please hold up your hands.

Walters. (*starts back astonished*) How! what?

Peters. (*louder*) Put up your hands.

Walters. (*aside*) My servant with a pistol and talking plain English, what does it mean?

Peters. (*louder*) Put up your hands, or by the Lord Harry I'll let day light through you.

Walters. (*holds up hands*) If I must, I must, but what means this outrage, who are you?

Peters. (*sneering*) Oh, we're innocent we are. I suppose you never heard of Boss Bob the burglar.

Walters. (*drops hands, starts forward*) Boss Bob! what of him?

Peters. Put up your hands.

Walters. (*puts up hands*) I'll have satisfaction for this.

Peters. All right my hearty, after you satisfy the officers of the First National Bank, then will be time enough to attend to me.

Walters. 'Attend to you, First National Bank,' see here my beligerant friend, do you know who I am?

Peters. The court thinks she does.

Walters. (*throws back coat, shows star*) Do you see that.

Peters. (*astonished*) What—who are you?

Walters. (*bows*) Walters the thief taker, at your service.

Peters. No!

Walters. Yes!

Peters. It can't be possible.

Walters. But it is possible, if you want any further proof, go with me out on the street, and you can satisfy yourself in a very short time.

Peters. (*lays pistol on table, aside*) If this thing gets out on me I'm ruined. (*tears off wig, etc.*) I must fix things up in some way, to have it hushed up. (*as PETERS throws off wig WALTERS starts in surprise, looks closer, goes c. looks again.*)

Walters. By all that's wonderful. (*rushes to table gets pistol, presents it*) Just elevate those flippers, please.

Peters. (*turns quickly*) Hold on! what means this?

Walters. It means that this is the second scene, of the first act, and the boot is on the other foot.

Peters. But there is some mistake.

Walters. None at all, Walters the thief-taker, is seldom mistaken.

Peters. So just allow your optics to rest for a moment on that. (*shows star*)

Walters. What—who—who are you? what does this mean?

Peters. It means that I'm a confounded fool; and you are ditto.

Walters. Fool! (*presents pistol*) speak, who are you?

Peters. (*bows*) Your fraternity; Peters the detective.

Walters. Peters——It can't be—but what means this masquerading?

Peters. I am or rather was, after Boss Bob. I took you for him—and here I am.

Walters. Fact! no! why I've been shadowing you for two days. (*Yankee dialect*) Why, goll darn it squire, don't ye know me?

Peters. (*astonished*) Well, I'll be blowed. (*both laugh*) Put her there. (*holds out his hand, WALTERS*

grasps it, and they shake, they keep same position next six speeches, both very much amused.)

Walters. I thought this night, Boss Bob to take.

Peters. And I two thousand was going to make.

Walters. One thing is certain, my German brother,

Peters. I'm a fool, and you're another;

Walters. We've been the victims of a sad mistake,

Peters. And eaten humble pie, instead of cake.

Walters. (*starting off L.*) By the by, just wait here a moment until I dismiss those policeman, and then we'll adjourn to the nearest restaurant, and compare notes over a bottle of wine. (*going L.*)

Peters. All right, but Walters; (*he returns*) If the p lice get hold of this?

Walters. O! darn em, we're the biggest fools in the United States. (*starts off.*)

Peters. Walters—

(*he turns.*)

Walters. What—

Peters. Let's hire out to Barnum. (*they stand laughing.*)

QUICK CURTAIN.

PUBLISHED FROM THE AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL
MANUSCRIPT.

An entirely original Allegorical Drama of the civil war in
the United States, entitled,

THE DUTCH RECRUIT;

OR,

THE BLUE AND GREY.

BY J. T. VIEGARD.

All rights to this popular drama have been purchased of its author, and it is now published in book form complete for the first time. It was produced season after season by the original proprietor with unbounded success, and was the means of replenishing many G. A. R. treasuries, which were running low.

The following are the characters represented:

Deitrich Vonderspeck.....	<i>The Dutch Recruit</i>
Col. St. Leon.....	<i>a loyal Southerner</i>
Harry Pearson.....	<i>a Union Spy</i>
Frank Duncan.....	<i>The Guerrilla Chieftain</i>
John Harker.....	<i>St. Leon's Overseer, afterwards a Guerrilla</i>
Charles White.....	<i>Harry's friend, a Union Spy</i>
Teddy O'Connor.....	<i>a son of the Old Sod</i>
General.....	<i>Commanding U. S. Forces</i>
Col. Franklin.....	<i>of the U. S. Army</i>
Uncle Ned.....	<i>an Octogenarian</i>
General.....	<i>Commanding C. S. Forces</i>
Sam.....	<i>one of the Bones of Contention</i>
Alex Burt.....	<i>A Lieutenant of Guerrillas</i>
Prisoner.....	<i>at Belle Isle</i>
Maude St. Leon.....	<i>a loyal lady, daughter of St. Leon</i>
Mrs. St. Leon.....	<i>wife of the Colonel</i>
Goddess of Liberty, Officers U. S. A. Officers C. S. A. Citizens, Soldiers, Bush- whackers, Prisoners, etc., etc.	

It will be found easy to put upon the stage, full of thrilling and startling situations, hairbreadth escapes, military movements, prison scenes, scenes full of pathos and tears, others in which the Dutchman and Irishman will convulse the listeners with laughter. Every character is good, being strongly drawn, and worthy the talent of the best actors.

☞ The publisher has purchased all rights in this grand Military Play and although at a high price, has determined to place it at the disposal of every G. A. R. Post, S. of V. Camp, and in fact any organization who may wish to produce it. Therefore, bear in mind, there is no royalty on it—all can produce it who may wish to do so *free of charge*.

☞ It is printed from new type on good paper—substantially bound in paper binding.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER COPY.

ADDRESS,

A. D. AMES, Publisher,

Lock Box 102.

CLYDE, O.

Ames' Plays---Continued.

NO.		M	F	NO.		M	F
FARCES CONTINUED.							
72	Deuce is in Him.....	5	1	23	Thirty-three Next Birthday..	4	2
19	Did I Dream it.....	4	3	142	Tit for Tat.....	2	1
42	Domestic Felicity.....	1	1	213	Vermont Wool Dealer.....	5	3
183	Dutch Prize Fighter.....	3	0	151	Wanted a Husband.....	2	1
220	Dutchy vs. Nigger.....	3	0	5	When Women Weep.....	3	2
148	Eh? What Did You Say.....	3	1	56	Wooring Under Difficulties.....	5	3
218	Everybody Astonished.....	4	0	70	Which will he Marry.....	2	8
224	Fooling with the Wrong Man	2	1	135	Widower's Trials.....	4	5
233	Freezing a Mother-in-Law..	2	1	147	Waking Him Up.....	1	2
154	Fun in a Post Office.....	4	2	153	Why they Joined the Re-		
184	Family Discipline.....	0	1		becca.....	0	4
209	Goose with the Golden Eggs..	5	3	111	Yankee Duelist.....	3	1
13	Give Me My Wife.....	3	3	157	Yankee Peddler.....	7	3
66	Hans, the Dutch J. P.	3	1	ETHIOPIAN FARCES.			
116	Hash.....	4	2	204	Academy of Stars.....	6	0
120	H. M. S. Plum.....	1	1	15	An Unhappy Pair.....	1	1
103	How Sister Paxey got her			172	Black Shoemaker.....	4	2
	Child Baptiz d.....	2	1	98	Black Statue.....	4	2
50	How She has Own Way.....	1	3	222	Colored Senators.....	3	0
140	How He Popped the Quest'n.	1	1	214	Chops.....	3	0
74	How to Tame M-in-Law.....	4	2	145	Cuff's Luck.....	2	1
35	How Stout Your Getting.....	5	2	190	Crimps Trip.....	5	0
47	In the Wrong Box.....	3	0	27	Fetter Lane to Gravesend....	2	0
95	In the Wrong Clothes.....	5	3	230	Hamlet the Dainty.....	6	1
11	John Smith.....	5	3	153	Haunted House.....	2	0
99	Jumbo Jam.....	4	3	24	Handy Andy.....	2	0
82	Killing Time.....	1	1	235	Hypochondriac The	2	0
182	Kittie's Wedding Cake.....	1	3	77	Joe's Vis t.....	2	1
127	Lick Skillet Wedding.....	2	2	88	Mischievous Nigger.....	4	2
223	Lunderbach's Little Surprise	3	0	128	Musical Darkey.....	2	0
106	Lodgings for Two.....	3	0	90	No Cure No Pay.....	3	1
139	Matrimonial Bliss.....	1	1	61	Not as Deaf as He Seems....	3	0
231	Match for a Mother-in-Law..	2	2	234	Old Dad's Cabin.....	2	1
235	More Blunders than one.....	4	3	150	Old Pompey.....	1	1
69	Mother's Fool.....	6	1	109	Other People's Children....	3	2
1	Mr. and Mrs. Pringle.....	7	4	134	Pomp's Pranks.....	2	0
153	Mr. Hudson's Tiger Hunt....	1	1	177	Quarrelsome Servants.....	3	0
23	My Heart's in Highlands.....	4	3	96	Rooms to Let.....	2	1
208	My Precious Betsey.....	4	4	107	School.....	5	0
212	My Turn Next.....	4	3	133	Seeing Bosting.....	3	0
32	My Wife's Relations.....	4	4	179	Sham Doctor.....	3	3
186	My Day and Now-a-Days.....	0	1	94	16,000 Years Ago.....	3	0
44	Obedience.....	1	2	25	Sport with a Sportsman.....	2	0
33	On the Sly.....	3	2	92	Stage Struck Darkey.....	2	1
57	Paddy Miles' Boy.....	5	2	10	Stocks Up, Stocks Down....	2	0
217	Patent Washing Machine....	4	1	64	That Boy Sam.....	3	1
165	Persecuted Dutchman.....	6	3	122	The Select School.....	5	0
195	Poor Pilcody.....	2	3	118	The Popcorn Man.....	3	1
159	Quiet Family.....	4	4	6	The Studio.....	3	0
171	Rough Diamond.....	4	3	108	Those Awful Boys.....	5	0
180	Ripples.....	2	0	4	Twain's Dodging.....	3	1
48	Schuaps.....	1	1	197	Tricks.....	5	2
138	Sewing Circle of P. riad....	0	5	198	Uncle Jeff.....	5	2
115	S. H. A. M. Pinafore.....	3	3	170	U. S. Mail.....	2	2
55	Somebody's Nobody.....	3	2	216	Vice Versa.....	3	1
232	Stage Struck Yankee	4	2	206	Villkens and Dinah.....	4	1
137	Taking the Census.....	1	1	210	Virginia Mummy.....	6	1
40	That Mysterious B'dle.....	2	2	203	Who Stole the Chickens....	1	1
38	The Bewitched Closet.....	5	2	205	William Tell.....	4	0
131	The Cigarette.....	4	2	156	Wig-Maker and His Servants	3	0
101	The Coming Man.....	3	1	GUIDE BOOKS.			
167	Turn Him Out.....	3	2	17	Hints on Elocution.....		
68	The Sham Professor.....	4	0	130	Hints to Amateurs.....		
54	The Two T. J's.....	4	2				



PLAYS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

PRICE 15 CENTS EACH.

219 Rags and Bottles. An original comedy in two acts, by M. Stuart Taylor, 4 males, 1 female. A play by the author of *The Afflicted Family* is sufficient guarantee of its excellence. Rags and Bottles are two street waifs, and the play follows their fortunes through good and bad. An opportunity is given to introduce songs and dances. The balance of the characters are good. Costumes modern. Time of performance 1 1-2 hours.

220 Dutcheys vs. Nigger. An original sketch in 1 scene, by James O. Luster, 3 males. A landlord has two servants—one a Dutchman, the other a negro, who are continually playing tricks upon each other, which are very laughable. Time in playing about 20 minutes. Costumes modern.

221 Solon Shingle; or the People's Lawyer. A comedy in 2 acts, by J. S. Jones. An excellent play, and easily put on the stage, the scenery not being difficult to arrange. Some of the best Comedians have starred in the character of Solon Shingle. Costumes modern. Time of performance 1 3/4 hours.

222 The Colored Senators. An Ethiopian burlesque in 1 scene, by Bert Richards, 3 males. A very laughable experience of two darkey's, who became dead broke and hungry—their schemes to get a meal of the landlord of a hotel, are very amusing. Costumes modern. Time of performance, 25 minutes.

223 Old Honesty. A Domestic drama in 2 acts, by John Madison Morton, 5 males, 2 females. An excellent play with a good moral, showing the truth of the old saying that "Honesty is the best Policy." Scenery, interiors. Costumes modern. Time about 2 hours.

224 Fooling with the Wrong Man. An Original farce in 1 act, by Bert Richards, 2 males, 1 female. Characters are an Irishman who is not such a fool as he looks, a dude, and a society belle. The situations are very funny, and the farce must be read to be appreciated. Costumes eccentric to suit. Time of performance 35 minutes.

225 Cupids' Capers. A farce-comedy in 3 acts, by Bert Richards, 4 males, 4 females. Overflows with fun from beginning to end. A lawyer, his son, a Dutchman, and a negro are the male characters. A giddy widow and her beautiful daughter, a German servant girl, and the Irish hotel proprietress are the females. Costumes modern. Time of performance about 1 hour.

226 Brac the Poor House Girl. A drama in three acts, by C. L. Piper, 4 males, 4 females. The character of Brac, is a capital one for a scabrette, after the style of Fanchon the Cricket, etc. All characters are good. It abounds in fine situations, and is a great success. Costumes modern. Time of performance 2 hours.

227 Maud's Peril. A drama in 4 acts, by Watts Phillips, 5 males 3 females. A very popular drama of the present time. Strong and sensational. English Costumes of the present time. Easily put on the stage. Time 1 1-2 hours.

228 Lauderbauch's Little Surprise. An Original farce in one scene, by E. Henri Bauman, 3 males. A roaring piece, the humor being about equally divided between a Dutchman—a negro disguised as a woman, and a negro boy. Costumes modern. Place anywhere. Time of performance 20 minutes.

229 The Mountebanks. A Specialty-drama in 4 acts, by Fred. G. Andrews, 6 males 2 females. Two of the characters assume various disguises, at once effective and artistic. The drama is replete with fine situations, and unlooked-for developments. Mirth and sadness are well combined. Costumes modern. Time of performance 2 hours. An American drama of the present time.

230 Hamlet the Dainty. An Ethiopian burlesque on Shakespeare's Hamlet, by Griffin, 6 males, 1 female. Burlesque costumes of Hamlet. Very funny. Time 15 minutes.

231 Match for a Mother-in-Law. A Comedietta in 1 act, by Wybert Reeve, 3 males, 2 females. The henpecked husband, his friend, a servant, the wife and the mother-in-law, constitutes the dramatis personee. Very suitable for private and amateur use, as well as professional. Costumes modern. Interior scene. Time 35 minutes.

232 Stage Struck Yankee. A farce in 1 act, by O. E. Durivage, 4 males, 2 females, scenes, interiors. A Yankee becomes badly stage struck, by seeing a play in a barn, discards his affianced for an actress. The manner of his becoming disenchanted, is shown in the play. It is full of laugh. Time 45 minutes.

233 Freezing a Mother-in-law. A farce in in 1 act, by T. E. Pember-ton, 3 males, 2 females. Costumes modern. One interior scene. Old man 2 walking gents, old woman, walking lady. A mother-in-law is to be frozen in order to gain her consent to her daughter's marriage. She discovers the plot, substitutes water for the freezing fluid, yet pretends to be equally affectual by it. Time 45 minutes.

234 Old Dad's Cabin. An Ethiopian farce in one act, by Charles White, 2 males, 1 female. An excellent darkey play, full of good situations and sparkling dialogue. Costumes modern. Time 40 minutes.